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are prescribed or as occur in the recorded example of Christ and his apostles. Such it was urged, is the pattern, and such are the commands of the Redeemer. His injunctions in this particular were considered, moreover, as clearly expressive of his benevolence; inasmuch as the evils to be anticipated from adhering to them were believed to be trivial, when compared with those which had so commonly attended the schemes of conquest, vainglory and revenge. The malignant influence of the laws of retaliation had been long since ascertained, and the experiment of the effect to be produced by the pacific temper which the gospel enjoined, was said to have been successfully made in the early and better ages of the Church. Men were therefore exhorted to renounce those brute methods of adjusting disputes which had not only occasioned the severest of their present privations, and inflicted the deepest of their present woes, but which had so often proved the grave of every virtue and the parent of every crime. The disastrous influence of war on civilization, on literature and liberty, the reformer could deplore; but its *demoralizing effects and the desolation which it must forbode with respect to eternity* filled his mind with amazement and dismay."

THE PEACE SENTIMENT.

BY JOHANNES H. WISBY.

One day when a boy I remember to have seen in my father's yard a dog and a crow each casting furtive glances at an eelskin which lay between them. Presently the crow made a jump and caught hold of the skin; the dog, barking, seized it also. The dog proved the stronger. The crow, after tugging with the strength of despair, gave up the contest and fell afoul of the dog beak and talon. Now followed a lively tussle; the crow got the better of it, and the dog howling and with scratched face sneaked away into his kennel. But what about the eelskin? you ask. Ah, that is the delicate point, and I am sure you would not guess that the cat ate it while the others were fighting for it. In order that the contenders might each have received a share in the booty, would it not have been better if they had agreed in peace each to get a part? Oh, but they were animals, you say, and knew no better.

But in matters of statemanship the world follows the same rule, which is but another way of saying that the world is not more rational than a dog or a crow. Shall I undertake to say not as wise even? Hostile strife has in it so much of the brute that we may safely turn to animal life for illustration. Let me tell you of a cat and a dog that behaved a great deal better than many of our politicians. Contrary to animal habit and race antipathy they lived and ate together on convivial terms. The dog would eat first, but he never omitted to leave a fair portion of the meal for the cat. When the dog happened to be "late at dinner" the cat, notwithstanding her good appetite,

would always wait for him, and she was never known to touch the platter till her canine friend had eaten. Cat and dog can live together in concord, but Christians, so called, murder one another in the name of God and love of country!

It is my purpose here to show that the first practical awakenings of the peace sentiment are of older origin than is commonly presumed, and that it has been manifested largely by the great and wise, while the war sentiment has found its chief upholders among the demagogues of party spirit and unworthy ambition. If we turn to ancient history, we find this to be so true that we are tempted to lift the curtain of mediæval times, where we find that the war sentiment took on more complex forms while, at the same time, the first results of the peace sentiment began to appear. Already as early as 989 A.D. a peace society was found at Charons, and in 944 the "Pact of Peace" was concluded by the seigneurs. The Council of Poitiers (1004 A.D.) was instrumental in checking to a certain extent private war by established law, and various ordinances for promoting peace followed in rapid succession. After the session of the Council of Limoges (1031) and Roussillon (1047) the popes began to take active interest in the peace movement, and publicly proclaimed the "Peace of God." As a result this first effort for civilization and order spread into North and Middle France, Italy, Spain, England, Normandy and Belgium. The Council of Clermont (1095) re-affirmed this proclamation, and even the king patronized the peace associations, and they were no doubt one means by which the French monarchs frustrated the feudal system. In the twelfth century the enthusiasm was considerably increased, and in the thirteenth century Phillip Augustus prohibited his subjects from commencing hostilities against the friends or vassals of adversaries until forty days after the offence. This was called the "Royal Truce" or "King's Quarantine." Societies of monks and philanthropic Christians traversed the continent promulgating the principle of peace and federalism, and in the fourteenth century a great religious movement for peace was shared in by the different nations of Europe. Pilgrims with white bands around their necks marched through various lands, preaching the gospel of the Prince of Peace. A beautiful letter from the good king of France, St. Louis (1276 A. D.), to his son is handed down, showing how religion acted in promoting peace. "Dear Son, I charge thee to the utmost of thy power, thou keepest thyself from making war with any Christian, and if any have injured thee, try various ways of recovering the right before thou makest war; and have care to eschew the sins that are committed in war," etc. Leonhardi quotes a striking instance of arbitration, or rather the establishment of a board of conciliation, given in the Rhenish League (1254 A.D.), which stipulates with its confederates that in order to remove every occasion for contest and

every source of discord, they should each choose four men who should together amicably decide all questions which arose between them.*

Enough, perhaps, has been laid before us to show that the peace movement is no sudden effort of latter-day reformers, but that it was originated centuries ago by the wise and farseeing and in their hands was instrumental in abrogating feudalism and private war. This noble result was attained by the unfaltering perseverance and heroism of a few men. To hold a peace meeting in the tenth century, when city fought against city, and the barons built themselves fortified castles, waylaid trade and sacked all peaceful enterprises, would not have been ventured save by men of genuine morality and undaunted fearlessness. To-day we are having a rapidly forming body of Peace societies all over civilization, which like their mediæval coworkers seek to abolish war by the substitution of permanent arbitration treaties, and by appealing to the principles of justice and equity which the world has come to love and respect. The time is past when disagreements were decided by wager of battle. The grand work begun by a few men in the middle ages has been taken up by many in our own time, and though their aim to do away with war of every kind may seem less probable of accomplishment, they may rely with confidence on the sympathy of better educated Christian communities, and on the aid of the larger commercial and economic interests of our age. While the object has been enlarged, the means of attaining it has equally enlarged, and the peace man of to-day finds himself supported by qualities and elements in the peoples, brought to light by education, which lay formerly dormant save in the heart of the individual. That great men endorsed the idea of universal federation will be apparent if we examine the works of men like Bacon, Hume, Buckle, Herder and Klopstock. Kant devotes a whole volume to the subject, entitled "Zum ewigen Frieden," and in "Streit der Facultäten" he speaks of a constitution in harmony with the natural rights of men and of a commonwealth or society in which war shall disappear.

Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" is distinctively a peace poem, and so are, strange to say, a number of pages in "Don Juan," which go to show that Byron, as poet, loathed the butchery of battle. Southey's "Battle at Blenheim" is a satire on the lewdness and cruelty of war:

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the battle was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

*For the above extracts I am indebted to Mr. Brace's excellent work: "Gesta Christi."

And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

Tennyson is by some looked upon as being a war poet, and one who wrote for the sake of art more than anything else. In no poet since the days of Shakespeare do we notice indeed a more consummate artistic workmanship, nor is there any other that has sustained himself so matchlessly over so wide a range, nor any that has so sweetly and unforgetably appealed to the heart of man. Tennyson has written some war poems to be sure, and he frequently arrays the children of his genius in plate and mail, but this was due to his reverence for the spirit of chivalry,—the urban, sacred knighthood of the middle ages, which, though it would prove a failure in our age, exerted a virtuous influence upon the martial classes of that time. If Tennyson wrote peace poetry for the sake of art, we must do him the justice to say that he wrote war poetry for the sake of art as well. But all his ideals, as well as his personal nature and character, are too noble and too humane to suffer being heaped among the trophies of the war god.

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!"

Even Whittier could have written nothing more urgent in behalf of peace.

"And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace
And crown'd with all her flowers."

On what strong millennial pinions does he not soar in these stanzas:

"For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder storm;
Till the war drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

But the most emphatic protest against militarism is not, we think, the utterances of the thinking and learned, but the soldier revealing his better self,—the self condemnation of military men. A couple of years ago, at a banquet at Düsseldorf, Emperor William II remarked:

"I wish the peace of Europe lay alone in my hand. I would certainly see that it should never be disturbed. However that may be, I shall at any rate leave nothing untried, and, so far as I am concerned, will see that it be not disturbed."

Pacific words, indeed, and it is all the more surprising to know that only a little while ago the same blustering potentate quoted the device of the Scottish Order of St. Andrew, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" (No one defies me with impunity), in order to exasperate prince Bismarck who in his coat of arms carries a thistle, resembling that of the Order of St. Andrew, with the words:

"Better leave the poor weed alone;
Beware, O Youth, there are thorns thereon."

Certainly, we think, the peace of Europe depends largely upon the action of the Kaiser, and if his words were something more than mere words he would have done something about it, or at least forbore to excite the anger of the prince, because of the latter's reluctance to support the army bill, which was then pending before the Reichstag. Von Moltke of 1841, to mark the year, speaks like a peace man of no scant pretence. "We openly confess that we are in favor of the much ridiculed idea of a general European peace. Is not the whole progress of the world's history an approach to such a peace?" And it is only to be deplored that his subsequent policy manifested how far he placed his military interests above his true self.

Yes, Moltke of 1841 is right. Is not the entire course of the world's history an approach to such armistice? Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Garibaldi* were peace men. They hated war, and did their best to avoid it. Kaiser Franz Josef I recently greeted a delegation in this wise:

"The need of peace is proclaiming itself everywhere with one voice. Would that it were within my power to give my people the good news that the cares and burdens of the armed peace were at an end."

Pacific words again, but what a satire on government when the emperors meet and kiss each other, mutually assuring that nothing shall prevent them from keeping the sacred peace, while they are backed up by the very war god himself. It is pleasant words, smooth faces, compliments and parades, but turn the man around and

you will see he carries the sword, blood-reeking, on his back.

Our best modern thinkers and jurists arrive at this conclusion.

John Fiske, in "The Destiny of Man," page 95, says:

"When we can see so much as this lying before us on the pages of history, we cannot fail to see that the final extinction of warfare is only a question of time. Sooner or later it must come to an end, and the pacific principle of federalism, whereby questions between States are settled, like questions between individuals, by due process of law, must reign supreme over all the earth."

Michel Revon, in "L'Arbitrage International," says:

"Why is agriculture impoverished, industry broken down, commerce languishing? Because riches instead of blessing peoples, instead of watering their fields and of falling in beneficent showers upon cities, escape through the enormous opening, war, and are lost."

Would not the testimony of these men suffice to popularize even the most obscure cause? Like Scipio Africanus let us destroy our credentials, and let the multitude read the truth on our brow. Let us draw from within ourselves and see things in the light of love and equity. Can anything but love add to our mutual understanding? Can anything be greater, simpler? In the "Havamål" of Odinn the skald taught:

"Love your own friends, and also theirs;
But favor not your foeman's friend:
Peace with perfidious man may lose
Four days or five, but not a week."

Is this not the doctrine of enmity? Listen to the religion of peace: "Love your enemies!" Let us lay down our pen and close up our book, and let us hasten over to our neighbor, whom we know has said bitter things about us, and tell him that we mean to love him so much that it shall be utterly impossible for him not to love us in return. He will not turn us off. He can see that we are firm, and lest we should burst his house with love, he gives in and shakes hands with us. But what a fine weapon I am here whetting for our young Napoleons. Will they not cleave me in two with the all comprehending assertion that Herder's eternal equalization of the principles governing individuals and races may do very well in print, but that it is utterly worthless on the battlefield? Would they not fill my house with the records of their Mohammed, Ney, Barbarossa, Nelson, and roll up their big guns in expectation of seeing me wonder at their "patriotism",—and what is my little shell compared to their floating castles of iron? What was that lowly Jewish carpenter shop compared to sequestered Oxford or the capitol of Rome, and did not the Christ lad ponder his synagogue lessons there amid the noise of his father's tools, till he ripened into manhood and saved the world?

We want less Harlowes, less Xerxes, less Catos, less

* "If each nation was governed in a wise and natural way all war would cease, and the peoples would begin to appreciate and respect their rights mutually without falling into passionate, suicidal battle."—Rome in XIX Century, vol. II.

Richelieu, more Dantes, more Solomons, more Sumners, more Luthers. It is the men of peace that educate and sweeten the world. Think of Christ at the head of a charge, shouting: "Hate thy enemy! Henceforth on earth war, ill-will among men!" and distributing stars and commissions among his followers for evinced "faith and patriotism"! Darwin, Kopernicus, Plato, Milton, these are men of peace. Domitian and Nero ravaged and laid waste the empire, but Tacitus wrote the best ancient history of Rome. Men need peace in order to think greatly, act greatly, die great. But from yonder army camp sounds a defiant cry: "Where is courage and heroism displayed if not on the battlefield?" Was there a greater hero than Christ? Do our Stephensons, our Pauls, our Galileos, our Husses lack courage? Privateering is now abolished on the scroll of international law, but instead of it we equip armed cruisers, and vessels holding cargo destined to hostile port may be brought up in spite of neutral flag. In case of European war all the small powers, such as Greece, Bulgaria, Portugal, Scandinavia, are likely to pronounce themselves neutral, and in this way exert more influence than if they partook in the general carnage. England may blockade the shores of Germany, and the latter would starve if not for neutral Switzerland and Denmark. The Jutlanders and the Swiss will obtain a large trade, and the English must endure to see them pitch their market tents on the border.

The millennium is closer at hand than people think. Yes, so runs the answer, when the thousand years of peace *are* rung in, then we shall be happy to disarm and try and love one another, not seeing, shrewd souls, that those centuries will never come save through the gradual humanizing of ourselves,—the suppressing of our savage proclivities. God certainly will not admit red-handed Adam into his millennial paradise. Until we cease to confound courage with bestial daring, patriotism with hatred of foreigners, we shall not enter upon the prophesied era. Still there are those who think that our goal is too far off as yet to excite the curiosity of any but philanthropic students, and that it is quite impractical to prepare for it in these busy times of revolutions and strikes. And, quaint people that they are, they will rigidly frequent the Sabbath service, and listen to the message of Christianity: "Go ye into all the world and baptize every creature in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," not reflecting that the carrying out of this charge (especially at the time when it was submitted) is tenfold more remote than the realization of international disarmament. Christianity deals with entire mankind for all time; the peace cause is but an outgrowth of it,—a few scriptures in practical operation — and appeals largely to the highest civilization. The gospel must cope with man, pagan or saint; the peace cause tells a man how to use his gospel after he has received it. Nowadays we recognize no right over foreign territory, or over heathen

tribes. We do not go crusading against Saracens and Africans any longer because they are heathens, and a woman has shown us that the Dark Continent could be traversed without bloodshed. Instead we raise an altar on every pagan shore, and summon the natives with the voice of forgiveness. Privateering, rights of reprisal, torture, the bearing of ordeal, wager of battle, feudalism, private war, seizure of ambassadors, etc., all these inhumanities have disappeared: the branches have fallen one by one under the axe of the Nazarene, the trunk, hell-rooted, still survives, soon to fall also.

Some say poetry is a dream and some say life is a dream. Be it so. Now, when they tell us that the ideal of universal peace is a dream also, we need not despair, for it may enter into our life, show us the very truth we are seeking, as spontaneously as one dream image blends with another. We profess great sympathy with man at large, but show very little sympathy toward our neighbor because he happened to be born under a different standard. It is the custom of the employer to scold the office boy while he lives, and leave the town a library when he dies. Our testaments are poor excuses for what we ought to have done while we lived. But by and by as the centuries go on lifting the generations, the true man arises above the vapors of crime and sin. He is not learned, he is not rich, nor is he poor. He wears plain clothes, and you cannot for the world wring a harsh word from his lips. As a rose absorbs all the sweetness in the air and refuses any foul matter, so the true man absorbs the good things in life and rejects the wicked ones. If we find him sour, he is not a good man. He has absorbed sourness. If we find him critical of other men we may be sure that he has reason to be critical with himself. The truly great man is he who not only absorbs sweetness and good things, but who diffuses them like the rose, so that you may come from afar and, led by the fragrance, enter his pure dwelling. His thoughts are as fresh as the dewdrops, his smile like sunshine, his welcome like the green field, and on his front door we read: James Farmer, or Charles Worker. If his roof be not heaven to you, if his children be not angels to you, he is not a great man. The great man is never homeless. Heaven is his home, his club, his church, his favorite resort; he is only here for business and is never known to sleep on earth. Each morning he issues from the gates of paradise, pen in hand, to sign his checks and at night he returns with his note book filled with the names of the poor in spirit. He has no sympathy with nationalism that resents internationalism because of its not being national, nor does he want an internationalism that has not emanated from national love. To him the world's map consists of something more than mere boundary lines fencing off the campfires of murderous peoples, and he needs no tutor though he be preaching before all the nations: he speaks the language of love,—the one language that the confusion of tongues could not affect.